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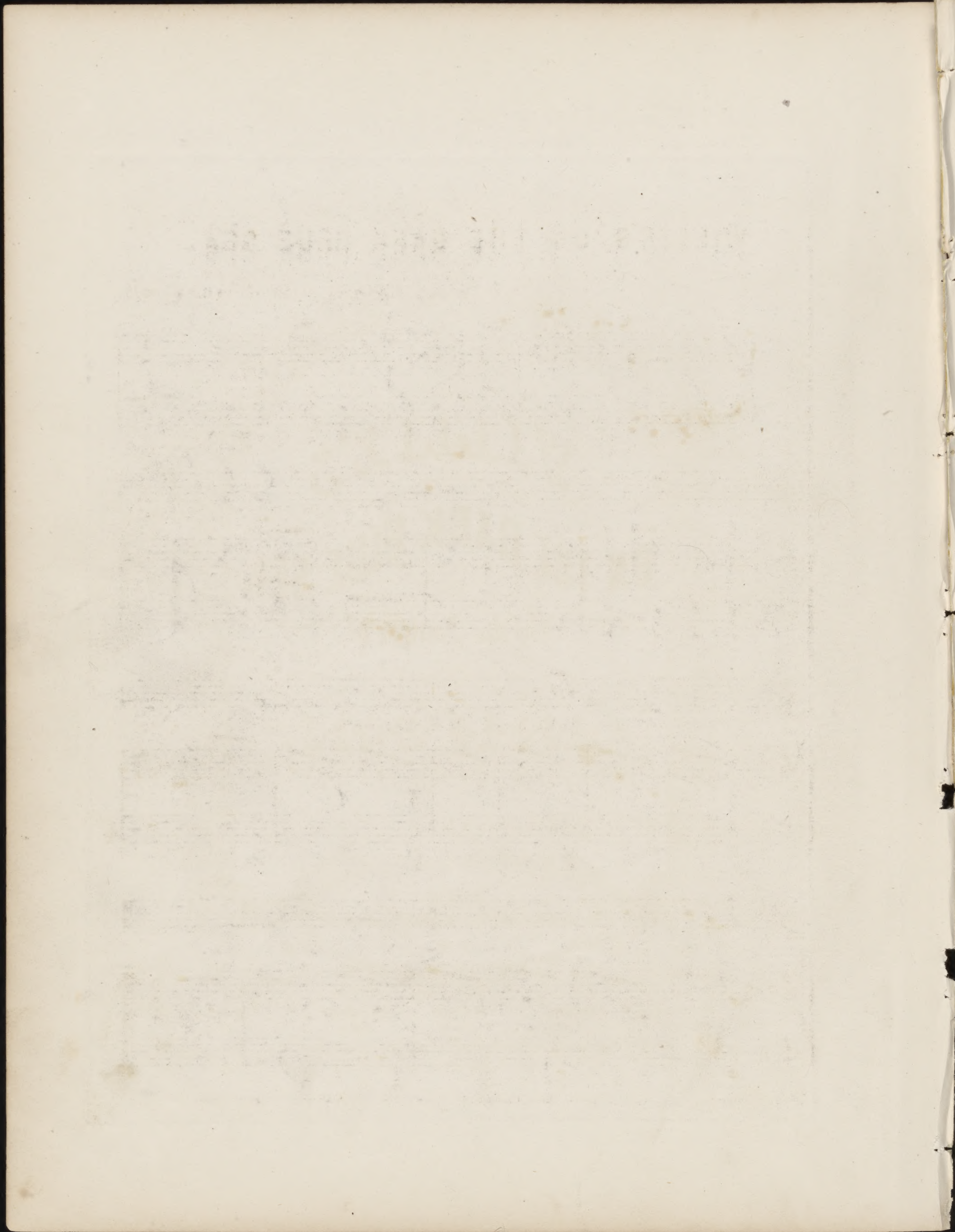
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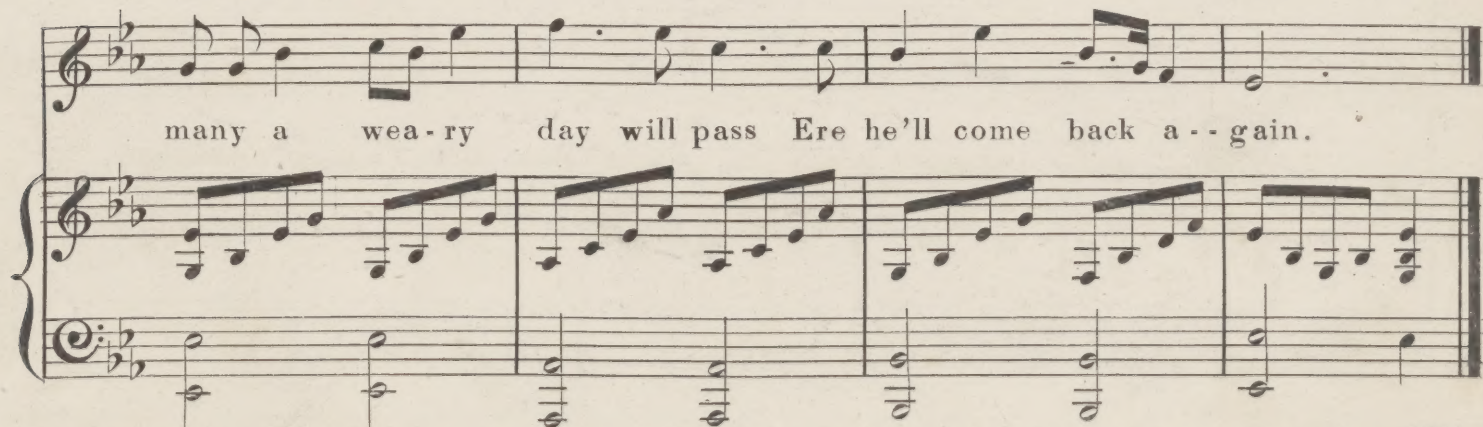
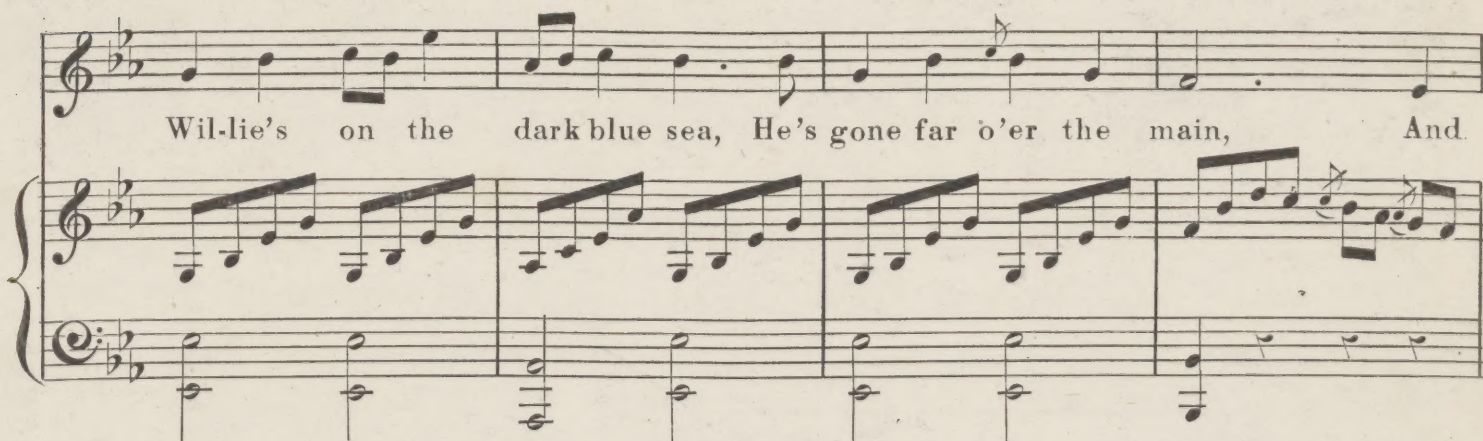
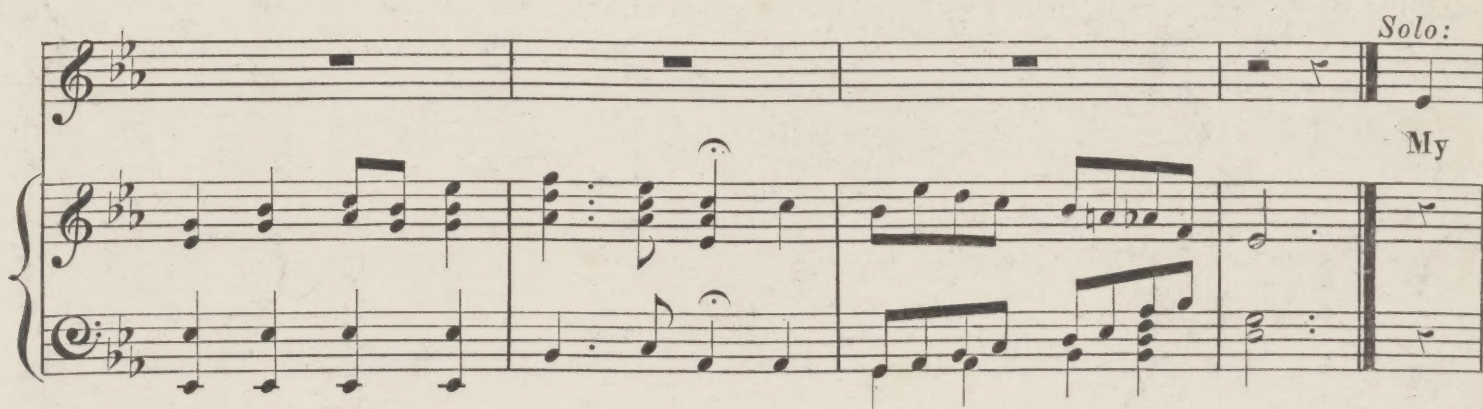
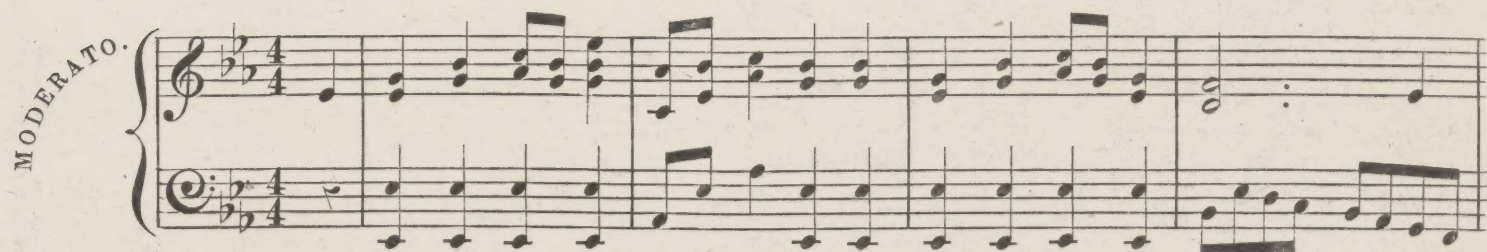






# WILLIE'S ON THE DARK BLUE SEA.

WRITTEN & COMPOSED BY H.S. THOMPSON.





## CHORUS.

Then blow gen-tle winds o'er the dark blue sea, Bid the storm-king stay his

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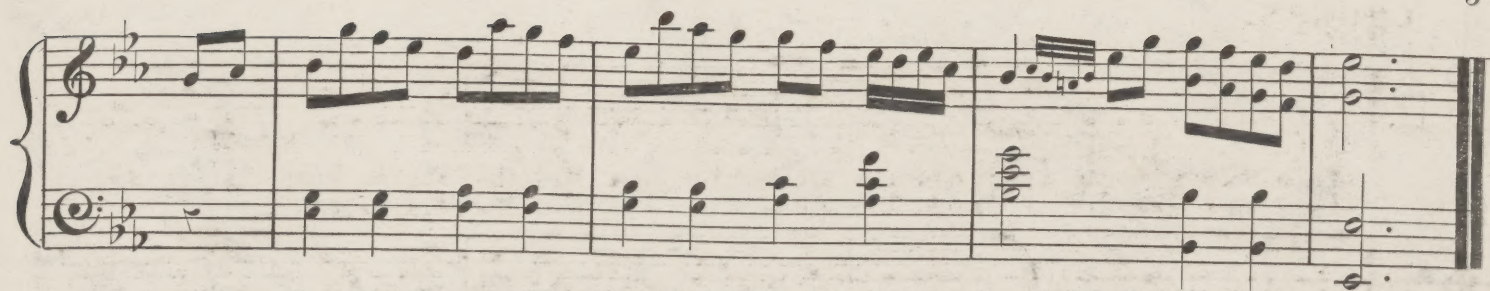
Then blow gen-tle winds o'er the dark blue sea, Bid the storm-king stay his

hand, And bring my Wil-lie back to me, To his own dear na-tive land.

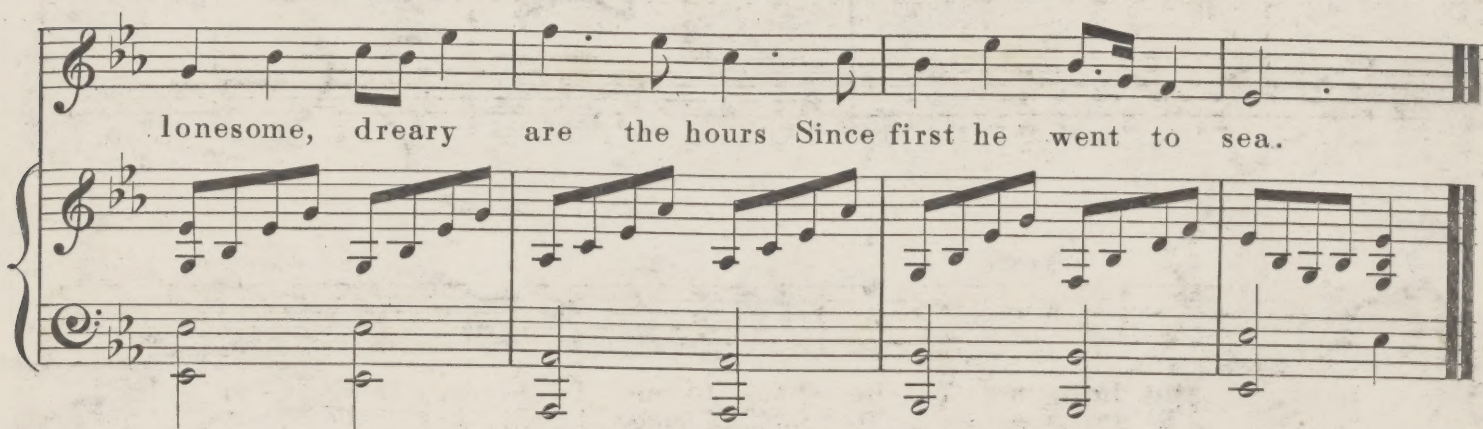
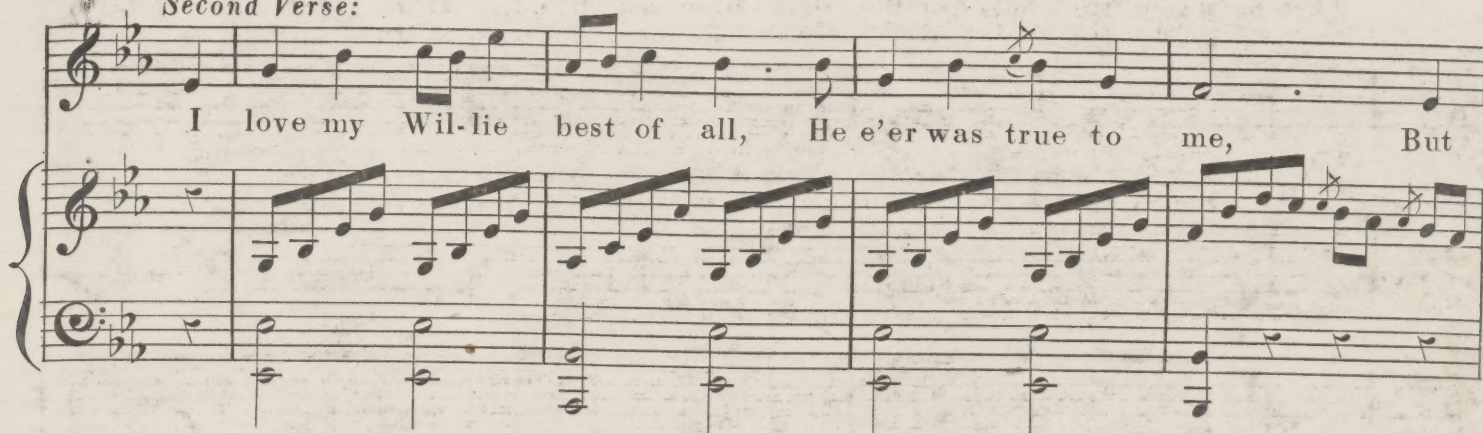
hand, And bring my Wil-lie back to me, To his own dear na-tive land.

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*Second Verse:*



3

There's danger on the water now,  
I hear the blond-bills cry;  
And moaning voices seem to speak  
From out the cloudy sky.

4

I see the vivid lightnings flash,  
And hark! the thunders roar;  
Oh Father, save my Willie from  
The storm-king's mighty power.

5

And as she spoke the lightning ceased,  
Hushed was the thunder's roar;  
And Willie clasped her in his arms,  
To roam the seas no more.

*Chorus to the last Verse.*

Now blow gentle winds o'er the dark blue sea,  
No more we'll stay thy hand;  
Since Willie's safe at home with me,  
In his own dear native land.



THOU HAST WOUNDED THE SPIRIT THAT LOV'D THEE

(1633)

(1633)

PLANO FORT

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